

Kindred Outsiders by tvdxst

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Romance, Supernatural

Language: English

Characters: Billy H., OC, Steve H.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-07-19 23:59:54

Updated: 2019-09-28 00:42:18

Packaged: 2019-12-12 17:35:56

Rating: M

Chapters: 4

Words: 10,959

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Victoria, a Californian moved to her Aunt Joyce's house in Indiana after her rich father passed away. After her friend Aria threw Billy her way, her life was never the same. (I do not own any of the Stranger Things characters. They belong to the Duffer Bros. I only own my OC's Victoria & Aria.)

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Hi there! I hope you all enjoy reading this chapter :) I finished watching season 3 a few weeks ago and the ending killed me. Ugh I love Billy.

Anyhow, this story is going to take place in the beginning of summer and will later lead up to the events starting in the beginning of season 3. The reason why I'm doing this is so that there's time for my OC to become acquainted with *certain* characters.

Enough of my blabbering though and happy reading, friends! Comments are appreciated ;)

Indiana is...*different*.

I moved out here merely two weeks ago from Los Angeles, California. My father died from a plane crash over a month ago. He was on his way home from a business trip. My mother, on the other hand, isn't in the picture because she passed away from cancer 5 years ago. I was 15 years old at the time.

I couldn't stand being alone in my father's mansion any longer. It just wasn't the same without him. It caused me nothing but pain having to enter a home where I am not greeted a simple 'hello' from my father. Dinners were always lonely so I ended up resorting to going out with friends almost every night for dinner, followed by drinking at home from my father's in-home bar.

When it came around to bedtime, I felt a pit in my stomach whenever I passed my father's office and didn't see the light shining under the crack of the door. He always worked in his office late.

One day I made a bold move by giving my aunt Joyce a call and moved in with her in Indiana a month after the incident. Aunt Joyce is my father's sister.

Her small house is nothing compared to mine and lacked the useless amenities I was used to. But I didn't care. Living here so far with her, Will and Jonathan was much better than living back in California all alone. Sure, I had *friends* but it doesn't compare to family.

Since I am an only child of my parents, I inherited all of their money. I also made a selfless decision and paid off my aunt's mortgage. When I told her the news, I was thanked with a slap across the face followed by a tight hug. She never wanted any handouts from my parents in the past and still doesn't til this day.

It is 1pm and I just clocked out for my short shift at this clothing store in the starcourt mall. Yes, I have a great amount of money in my bank account, but I still wanted to keep myself occupied by working a part time job. I didn't want to just sit on my ass all day. Especially since I still don't know what I want to do for my career. I am 20 years old and time is ticking, but I don't want to waste my time and money on schooling when I don't know what the hell I want to do yet.

After every shift I've been stopping by the ice cream shop, Scoops Ahoy and I always see the same duo, Steve and Robin. I've become quite acquainted with them and I learned so far that they're fresh out of high school.

"Let me guess, rocky road?" Steve said with a grin.

"You know me too well, Steve." I replied with a smile, stretching my arm out to hand him cash.

"God Steve. Just ask her out already." Robin added, rolling her eyes playfully and crossing her arms over her chest as she leaned against the back counter.

"Can you not?" Steve snapped his head at Robin, cheeks flushed red.

"Very funny, Robin." I let out a chuckle and waved goodbye to the duo as I licked my delicious ice cream on my way out.

As usual, I took my time walking through the mall. I wanted to make sure I finished my ice cream before I arrived to my car and headed

home. A variety of families, couples and friends seemed to be enjoying their shopping trips. Though word on the news is that many local business owners are enraged about the mall being built due to losing business.

A familiar female voice snapped me out of my thoughts. "Hi Victoria!" Aria, my eccentric coworker greeted me, her shoulder-length blonde hair bouncing as she kept up to my steps.

"Hey Aria, I thought you're off today?" I asked, still enjoying my ice cream.

"Yeah I was just shopping around for a gift for my mom's birthday next week." She briefly lifted the shopping bag in her hand. "Did you just get off or are you on lunch?"

"Um, I just got off."

"Yay! I'm going to the pool after this. Join me so I'm not alone!" She suggested. "There's also this hot hot hot lifeguard they hired last week. I went to school with him!"

"Okay sure. But I'm not really into *that*."

"Come on, Victoria." Aria groaned. "I know you don't have any plans today."

"No I meant the hot lifeguard or whatever. Not into that." I gave a dismissive wave of my hand before taking a generous lick of my ice cream.

"Oh. You're into girls? So sorry. I didn't know."

I snorted in amusement, but internally I was rolling my eyes at her. She's always been quick to make assumptions.

"No no no. I like boys." I made known. "I just don't care to drool over a piece of meat. But I'm down to take a dip in the pool."

"Oh! Okay. Sorry. Sorry again."

"It's fine Aria," I dragged. "I'm gonna go home and change out of this

and I'll meet you there."

"Yay! Okay bye!" Aria shouted with glee before going our separate ways. She sure can be annoyingly hyper sometimes, but she's the only *real* girlfriend I've made here so far. Robin is always working and when she is off, she's always busy doing god knows what.

Like clockwork, my ice cream was finished off before I made it outside to my car. Or should I say my late father's black 1984 Porsche 911. It's quite showy for someone who now lives in Indiana, but this car was my father's baby. I'm never letting go of this.

The Rubberband Man by The Spinners blasted on my stereo as I drove to Aunt Joyce's house. Music from the 70s has always stuck with me. On my face are my favorite pair of black aviator sunglasses.

After a moment of driving down the familiar roads, I pull into the front of my aunt's house. I take the keys out of the ignition, remove my aviators, hop out of my car and enter the non vacant home. "Hey Jonathan." I greeted my cousin who is watching television on the couch with a full plate and fork in his hands.

"Hey there, Vic. You're home early." He said with a full mouth. I hummed in response before scurrying to my bedroom.

I searched through my dresser drawers until I found the perfect bikini for my mood, which is a two piece. I paired my black cheeky bottoms with a neon green strapless top. After quickly peeling off my work attire and slipping into my bikini, I made sure to at least cover up my ass cheeks with denim shorts before throwing on a pair of sandals.

Now I am out the door, tossing my bag of pool essentials in the passenger seat and making sure not to forget my aviators. The sun is at its peak and I am ready to cool off.

Minutes later I pull into the parking lot of the community pool for the first time since moving down here. I've driven past it plenty of times but never had the need to go yet until Aria randomly invited me.

Exiting my car with my bag under my arm and my aviators on, I hear various sounds at a short distance of people enjoying themselves in

the water.

The sun is beaming down at me as I'm making my way through the gate, glancing around until I find Aria. "Victoria! Hey!" She shouted with glee, waving her hand. I found her lying on the pool lounge.

"Hey Aria." I greeted, placing my bag on the ground.

"Go on in the pool if you want. I'm waiting for *him* to show up for his shift. It should be any moment now!"

"Really?" Sitting down at the foot of the empty pool lounge, I shook my head at Aria in disapproval.

She scoffed. "Oh don't give me that look, Victoria." I shook my head at her, dropping my shorts and tossing it in my bag.

Aria let out a gasp out of the blue, sitting up straight. "Speaking of Billy. There he is!"

"Where?" I asked, casually pulling a flask out of my bag. I'm not an alcoholic and I don't plan to get plastered, but a little buzz is well deserved.

Aria doesn't respond. Instead, I scan my surroundings until I spotted the only male lifeguard walking the grounds to my left. He is tastefully shirtless, wearing red swim shorts, a whistle necklace and brown aviator shades. His dirty blonde hair is styled into a mullet, which surprisingly fits his face perfectly.

Billy's head snapped my direction as I'm taking a swig out of my whiskey filled flask. I couldn't tell if he was directly looking at me due to the shades masking his eyes, but all of the women's eyes were on him. And by the swagger of his steps, I can tell he's reveling in it.

"Eh." I shrugged my shoulders, once Billy passed me and sat comfortably in the lifeguard chair. "He's alright." I lied.

From his perfectly tanned skin to his flawlessly sculpted muscles, it's as if his body was made by angels. Even from a distance, I could see that his plump lips could lose any woman in his kiss. But no, I had to feign being unimpressed because a man that looks like that is bad

news for me.

"Are you freaking kidding me?" She briskly pulled her sunglasses off, shooting me a look of disgust.

"Are your sunglasses blinding you?"

I snorted. "Nope. I can see perfectly clear."

"Ugh! If you think that Billy Hargrove is just *alright*, then I don't even want to know what kind of men *you* consider perfect." Aria mentioned seriously to me as she laid back and placed her sunglasses back on.

"Don't care. I'm going for a dip." I threw my flask back inside my bag before rising to my feet towards the pool to swim a few laps.

Stroking through the water, there is no one alive who can stop me. It's a moment like this that makes me miss the beaches in California. But I close my eyes and lose myself, pretending that's exactly where I am.

Unaware how long I've been swimming to and fro, I do one more lap before I take a break and reward myself with another sip of whiskey.

As I am motioning out of the water and my feet are planted onto the cement, a deep, male voice captures my attention. "Here."

I look and it is the stud himself, Billy Hargrove handing me a towel. "Oh thanks." I accepted with a soft smile, almost hesitant because I have a towel in my bag but I didn't want to seem rude.

I begin pat drying my long, black hair with the towel and begin sauntering towards my designated pool lounge, but Billy halts me, "Hey sweetheart." I spun around to face him with furrowed brows. "What's your name?" He asked, removing his glasses to reveal his annoyingly beautiful, blue eyes.

"Victoria. And you?" I asked even though I already know.

"The name's Billy." He said, randomly placing a piece of gum in his mouth which caused me to catch a glance at his lips, then to his abs

and back to his eyes. I swear I saw the corner of his lip quirk up when he caught me. "Nice to meet ya Victoria."

"You too Billy." The sun was so hot that I didn't even need to dry off my body anymore. Instead, I threw the towel over my shoulder.

"Am I mistaken or is this your first time here?" He asked, smacking his gum as he's indiscreetly giving me an elevator look.

"No you're right." Before Billy had the chance to speak any further, I pointed behind him towards the pool. "Hey, I think there's a kid drowning over there."

Just as I predicted, he cautiously looked over his shoulder and that's when I made a beeline towards my pool lounge next to Aria.

"You. Dumb. Bitch." Aria remarked with obvious displeasure as I'm searching for my flask. "I can't be friends with you anymore."

"What now, Aria?"

"Billy the hottie was *obviously* into you and you blew it! Ugh, the things I'd do to be in your shoes right now."

"Oh please. He's just another pretty boy that wants one thing." I implied before taking a sip. "Go over there and talk to him yourself then." Flickering my eyes, I am now seeing that Billy's back on his lifeguard chair.

"Um no. If Billy wants somebody, Billy always makes the first move. Do I look like I want to embarrass myself right now?"

"If you say so." I said, readjusting the pool lounge so that it was flat and I lied on my stomach, using my arms as a makeshift pillow. "Can you rub sunscreen on me and wake me up in 30. I'm taking a nap."

Being the good friend that she is, Aria stole the sunscreen from my bag and did as I asked. She knows I'd do the same for her.

"I know you can't see right now," she started after a minute of no words exchanged, "but he's looking over here. Probably at your ass." She paused. "I wouldn't blame him though."

She's right. I do have a nice ass.

"Billy can stare all he wants. What do I care?" I uttered lazily, eyes closed and ready to sleep.

"You're insane! If I can't have him, then can you have him for me? And tell me if *it* is big!" She whisper shouted, rubbing the last bit of sunscreen needed on me.

"I'm not having sex with anyone, Aria. Especially not him. I'm taking my nap now."

Billy is just another handsome face with a Calvin Klein body which doesn't impress me because it seems like he's used to getting any woman he wants. But I'm not any other woman, so he can use that charm on the next one for all I care.

2. Chapter 2

After waking from that much deserved nap, basking in the sun, Aria and I went our separate ways. I was ready to go home and she had to meet with her family for her mother's birthday dinner. Billy didn't fail to tilt his sunglasses down to wink at me from his throne as I left. I didn't want to be stuck up, so I quickly waved goodbye.

My stomach began to rumble as soon as I got inside my car. I hadn't realized how long it's been since my last meal, so I picked up some Chinese food on my way back home.

"I'm home!" I announced upon entering my new home with full hands, placing my keys and beach bag on the nearest table.

"In here!" Jonathan shouted from the kitchen and I followed.

In the kitchen I found him rummaging through the refrigerator. "I brought Chinese." I smiled warmly, setting the take out on the kitchen counter.

"Great because I'm starving." His eyes lit up like Christmas as he shut the refrigerator door.

"Where's your mom and Will?"

"Will's having dinner at Mike's and my mom's in the shower."

After my cousin and I made our plates, we sauntered towards the living room, plopping ourselves onto the couch and turning the television on. If everyone was home, my Aunt Joyce would prefer we all sit at the dinner table.

Later, my aunt joined us with a full plate and her TV dinner tray. We all shared laughs watching the sitcom, *Cheers* before my aunt and I brought our dishes to the kitchen to wash. Jonathan was still glued to the couch.

My aunt got to the sink before me. "I got it, honey." She said after noticing me wait beside her with my dirty plate and fork.

"Are you sure? I don't mind." I said.

"You got dinner, I got the dishes."

I flashed my aunt a warm smile and proceeded to the bathroom to grant myself a much deserved shower. Once my shower ceased, I brushed my teeth and made my way to my bedroom to change into a fresh pair of pajamas before settling in bed and reading my book until I doze off.

The following morning, I did my usual morning routine. I'm assuming Nancy came over last night and spent the night because her and Jonathan are in their pajamas cooking breakfast. "Morning guys!" I quickly greeted before bolting out the door and into my Porsche.

Hooked On A Feeling by Blue Swede echoed through my stereos and my aviator shades masked my eyes. I am ready to conquer the day as I drive to Starcourt Mall for my shift.

Moments later, I am sauntering through the mall. I quickly waved hello to Steve and Robin as I passed by Scoops Ahoy.

The next few hours of my shift was pretty slow. Not many people cared to shop early in the morning, giving Aria and I the freedom to chat freely as we're organizing anything that is out of place.

"So how was your mom's birthday dinner?" I asked her while I neatly folded the shirts.

"My mom had way too many glasses of wine! I had a laugh this morning when I saw how hungover she was." She answered, dressing one of the mannequins.

"Your mom sounds like a blast."

"Yeah anyways. What are you doing tonight, girl?"

"Going straight home for dinner and tomorrow I'm off. Why? You wanna go to the pool again?" I rolled my eyes at the thought of it.

"No silly! But that's perfect that you're free because there's a party

tonight and you're coming with me!" She fluffed her fingers through my long, black hair with delight as she strode past me to work on her next task.

"As long as there is plenty of alcohol, I am all for it." I said. "What's the occasion anyways?"

"Yay! So it's a friend of a friend's birthday. I'll drive us!"

I felt a pang of relief. Thank goodness Aria's driving because my car is not very discreet and I'd like to avoid it being the center of attention. Also, I'd love the freedom of drinking as much as I'd like and not have the responsibility of driving.

Honestly, I'm glad to have met Aria and I'm extremely thankful that we instantly clicked. Today, on the other hand, will be my first party in Indiana.

"Excuse me, miss. Do you carry this in a small?" A male voice snapped me out of my thoughts and I furrowed my brows at the source. It was Steve Harrington in his Scoops Ahoy uniform, minus the ridiculous hat.

I found him holding a women's printed shirt up to his chest jokingly. "Give me that!" I snatched it from his grasp and folded it right away.

"Sorry geez." He held his hands up in defense. "Anyhow, the reason I'm here is because I'm on my lunch break and wanted to ask if you wanna join?" Steve asked. I thought about his offer briefly and hadn't realized I was hungry until now. "Before you make assumptions, it's not a date. I just don't feel like eating alone this time." He added, noticing I didn't answer right away.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Sure, why not. Let me go tell Aria."

"Cool." He said as he made his way towards the entrance of my store.

"Hey Aria. I'm going on my lunch. I'll be back." I mentioned to her while she was handing a bag and receipt to a customer.

"You're going with that guy in the sailor costume? He's kinda cute though in a dorky way. I don't blame you for being into him." She

folded her arms across her chest and nodded her head as she gave Steve a once over. Luckily he was at a great distance, so he didn't hear what she was saying.

"Oh hush. He's just a friend and I'm *not* into him."

"Why? Because you're finally into Billy now?"

"See you in an hour." I narrowed my eyes at her in annoyance before turning on my heel towards Steve. If Aria doesn't quit it about Billy, I might explode. He's yesterday's news to me.

Steve and I didn't care to eat anywhere fancy and wanted to stay close by, so we got a couple of corn dogs at Hot Dog On A Stick and shared an order of French fries. We sat at the nearest table across from each other.

"So, Victoria. How do you like Indiana so far?" He asked, popping a few French fries in his mouth.

"It's cute, I guess. But it's not too bad. It definitely beats being alone in California." I answered, taking a generous bite of my corn dog.

"Yeah. Indiana has its charm." He implied before taking also taking a bite of his corn dog. "Do you live alone?"

"Actually I don't. I'm only here because of my Aunt Joyce. And my cousins of course." I responded, throwing a French fry in my mouth.

"Joyce? As in Joyce Byers? Like Jonathan's mom?" Steve wore a puzzled expression. If he scrunched his face any more, he'd look disgusted.

"Yup. The one and only. But why are you saying it like that?" I asked curiously.

Now that I think about, Steve and I never had the time to really get to know each other. Until now. Today's the first time we actually can sit down and talk.

"Oh nothing." He flickered his eyes at the ceiling. "Your cousin's just dating my ex."

"Nancy Wheeler is your ex?"

He sighed. "Yeah."

This was news to me. The way I see Jonathan and Nancy together, I never would've suspected that she ever dated Steve. "Sorry, they never mentioned that to me." I added. "They did mention that you also know about that disgusting demon dog things or whatever."

His eyes widened, glancing around nervously before leaning on the table, his face merely inches from mine. "They told you about the demodogs?!" He whisper shouted.

"Yeah. Ever since we were kids, Jonathan never hid anything from me. Of course I thought he was just messing with me at first. But I did believe him after Will jumped in. I can't believe what my baby cousin went through."

Although it sounded scary as shit, I'm not phased too much because I didn't experience it first hand. That and I've always believed in the supernatural. I just never thought this kind of shit would've happened to my own family.

"That's...that's insane. I can't freaking believe they told you." Steve leaned back in his seat.

"I know. But Will's friend, Lucas tells me that you're supposedly the world's best babysitter. So I'd love to hear your side of all of the craziness."

Steve proceeded to openly explain to me how he got involved. He mentioned keeping the kids from the demo dogs to even getting in a fight with Billy because of his stepsister, Max. I've met Max once but she never mentioned Billy around me.

And as calm as Billy was around me yesterday, I didn't think he had that kind of temper in him. From what Steve explained to me, there's no stopping Billy once he's in a rage and I'd prefer Steve to stay far away from him from now on.

Once our lunch break came to an end, we went our separate ways.

The last few hours flew by like a breeze compared to the morning. I was right when I said that nobody likes to shop in the morning because once I got back from my lunch break, that's when random crowds of people went in and out of the store.

It is now 5pm. Both Aria and I clocked out for our shifts and walked out of the store together. I did the usual by stopping by Scoops Ahoy for a scoop of my favorite, rocky road.

"Can't wait to see you tonight! I'll pick you up around 9!" Aria blew me a kiss before prancing away and I gave her a wave goodbye before entering the ice cream parlor.

Robin was behind the register this time. "Look dingus!" She shouted over her shoulder and Steve's head popped out of the back window. "I see that you didn't scare off Victoria from your date after all." She smirked.

"It wasn't a date." Steve and I said in unison, staring at each other with a hardened expression that is meant for Robin. A second later, Steve slid the back window shut.

"Whatever you say." She muttered lightheartedly, scooping my favorite flavor and popping it onto a cone.

After paying her and letting her keep the change, I made my way out. Again, leisurely walking through the mall until my ice cream was concluded.

When I arrived home, Aunt Joyce was in the middle of cooking dinner. I hopped in the shower before joining her, Jonathan and Will at the dinner table. Aunt Joyce asked about everyone's day while we dug into our meals and we all gave her flat answers.

"Jonathan," I started after a few seconds of silence, "you didn't tell me that you're dating Steve's ex? Not that I really care, but you left that part out."

"Well yeah, I didn't think it was a big deal for you to know. Did Nancy tell you?" Jonathan asked with a full mouth, eyes looking

downward at his plate as he chewed and prepared his spoon for his next bite.

"No. Steve did when we had lunch today."

"Wait." His eyes shot up at me. "You're friends with Steve now? How did this happen?"

"That's random." Will randomly budded in.

"Because we both work at the mall and it just...happened." I shrugged before finishing off the rest of my meal and rising to my feet to the sink.

"That's cool. I guess." Jonathan replied awkwardly.

"I like Steve. He's a good kid." Aunt Joyce added.

A couple hours later, the honking of a car horn sounds outside and I am out the door with my cross-body bag over my shoulder. I am wearing high waist white denim shorts, a long sleeved black crop top and black heels.

The clicking of my heels echoed on the porch, then over the pavement. It stopped once I hopped inside the passenger seat of Aria's ice blue jeep.

"Don't you look hot." I commented, sitting with one leg crossed over the other. The red lipstick painted on Aria's lips complimented her pale skin and blue eyes perfectly.

"Right back at you, Victoria." She grinned, snapping her head in my direction for a split second. "Love the heels!"

"So a friend of a friend's party, huh?" I mentioned as I pulled a flask out of my small bag, taking a generous gulp.

"Do you always have that on you?" She asked.

"Only when I'm not at work." I closed the lid tight and tucked the flask back inside my purse.

Minutes later we pull into a secluded home and I can already see a swarm of drunkards outside along with others walking in and out the house. Aria puts her Jeep into park, frees her key from the ignition and we are out.

Some young, Caucasian guy outside spotted us right away and heads towards us with a red cup in his hand. "What's up Aria." He gives her a side hug as he's eyeing me. "Who's your friend?"

"Justin this is Victoria. Etcetera etcetera." Aria gestured one hand towards me, then to Justin.

Instead of shaking my hand, Justin forwards himself to side hug me too and I welcomed it. "Welcome welcome. My parents are outta town, so just make yourselves at home. There's plenty of alcohol inside." Justin took off to go mingle with the rest of the party goers, so Aria and I found it as our cue to head inside.

As were heading to the front door, there's a crowd of people gathered around the keg and all I can hear is them saying 'Chug! Chug! Chug!' to whoever is doing the keg stand. There's far too many people so I decided not to stick around and continued inside the two story house.

It was pretty packed when we went in and there was a mix of people dancing to the music while others mingled along the halls and in the kitchen.

I immediately spotted the punch bowl on the kitchen counter and Aria followed behind me. Majority of the people we walked past recognized her, so we briefly stopped to exchange hellos and introductions.

I poured both mine and Aria's cup more than halfway. We're not leaving anytime soon, so she has plenty of time to sober up. "To our friendship!" I raised my cup, gesturing it towards her and she did the same.

"Cheers!" She said with her usual excited tone and our cups slammed together before we guzzled our own drink.

Aria suddenly glanced behind me. "I. Um. I gotta pee! Be right back!"

And just like that, she vanished, but I thought nothing of it.

To kill time until the blonde returns, I decided to refill my cup with the tainted punch and wanted to kick it up a notch. So I freed my whiskey filled flask from my handbag and poured a generous dose inside my cup. Bringing the intoxicating liquid in my mouth, I let out a sigh in contentment. "Much better." I said aloud to myself.

"You just missed my keg king moment, sweetheart." A familiar deep voice made of silk uttered from behind me. No wonder Aria ditched me in such a hurry. She saw Billy coming my way.

I turned and smirked up at him as his tall frame towered over me. His hair was unsurprisingly perfect and the dangling earring in his ear reminded me of a rock star. He wore a short sleeved maroon button up, but the top half of the buttons were annoyingly undone.

"Well if it isn't, Billy Hargrove. And he's wearing a shirt. Well. Sort of." I glanced at his bare chest, fighting the urge to bite my bottom lip. I'm not giving into this man made of muscle. He's wearing that damned shirt the way it is on purpose. He loves the attention.

A/N: Sorry! There was way more Steve than Billy in this chapter. I just got carried away writing Steve and Victoria's growing friendship :) I promise there will be more Billy in the next chapter! I was going to keep writing, but I have so many other ideas for this party scene, so it will continue in the next chapter. Other than that, I hope you all enjoyed reading anyways and comments are always appreciated. xoxo.

LadyNorth76: Glad you love the it!

Cosmo39: Aw, your comment means a lot. I'm so happy you like Victoria so far.

3. Chapter 3

"I can just take my shirt off if that's what you're implying." Billy grazed his teeth over his bottom lip hungrily as he's gazing at me up and down. I unpurposefully held a lengthy pause at his pink lips. I'm not sure if it's the alcohol getting to me, but I began to imagine how it tastes.

Briskly, I shook the thought aside and refocused back to his hypnotizing, blue eyes, being careful not to fall for his spell. "No. Not even." I scoffed as I placed my flask back inside my bag. Billy suddenly took a step closer to me, but I instantly took a step backwards. His delicious cologne mixed with deodorant tickled my nostrils. One point for Billy for smelling incredible.

"What's wrong? Do I make you nervous, Victoria?" He asked.

My neck nearly strained as I continued glaring up at Billy. "No, it's just the alcohol." The stepping war between us continued on as I spoke until my back hit the other side of the kitchen counter. Everyone else in this party was too occupied to even notice us and I started to wonder where the hell Aria ran off to.

Billy being this close to me started getting me hot and I needed to get the hell away from him. I am not just some hussy he can take home. "I'm going outside." I used great force to push him off of me so I can slip through. "I need a cigarette." My tone clipped as I took a sip out of my red cup and headed to the backyard. It was relieving knowing that he didn't follow after me. He probably got bored and found another girl to try to take home.

Just as I'm sitting on the bench outside, lighting my cigarette, I spot Aria at a distance talking to a tall, attractive looking man. I was going to spoil the moment by running up to her and asking why the hell she ditched me and left me with Billy, but by the way she was twirling her hair in between her fingers and how she was batting her lashes, shows that she's flirting. No way I was going to be a shitty friend and cockblock. She wouldn't do that to me if it were Billy and I. *Damn you, Victoria. Why are bringing Billy into your thoughts.*

After taking a long hit of the toxic stick, I reached down for my red cup on the ground, chugging until the cup was empty.

"I never woulda guessed you're a smoker, Byers." Billy appeared beside me, freeing a pack of cigarettes from his back pocket.

"Well, I am. Sorry if it doesn't earn me any brownie points." I leaned back, taking a long drag and barely realizing he just called me by my last name. *Damn you, Aria.* I wonder what else she's told him about me and when this was. It could either be while I was napping at the pool yesterday or earlier just before he came up to speak to me.

Billy snorted at my remark, a cigarette is now hanging in between his lips. "Can I borrow your light? Left mine in my car."

I sighed, feigning annoyance as I handed my lit cigarette to Billy and he successfully lit his. He handed my cigarette back and took a drag of his with his back turned to me, overlooking the backyard of drunk people having a good time. I couldn't help but steal a quick glance at Billy's tantalizing, denim covered bum.

"I just gotta ask you this one question." He said suddenly.

Ah shit, Billy's going to ask me why I was staring at his peach. He must have eyes in the back of his head.

"Go for it." I uttered with no hint of nervousness.

"Why are you so cold to me, Byers?" He shifted to face me, brows furrowed. "You hardly even know me."

"I have no idea what you're talking about, Billy."

"Oh come on, sweetheart. First you ditch me yesterday at the pool and again at this party. There's a pattern I'm pickin' up on." He searched my face for a clue to my thoughts. I stood and crossed my arms over my chest, being careful not to sway from this buzz. "What is it? Do I smell funny? Is it the stache?" He asked lightheartedly, smirking. Though it's obvious he knows that he's perfect.

"Billy Billy Billy. You do know that there's plenty of other pretty girls at this party that you can go bother." I completely ignored his

questions. Because let's face it, he smells invigorating and his facial hair was never a bother to look at.

"I gotta be honest with you. You're the first girl that's ever turned me down this tough."

"Wow that's tragic." I said with obvious sarcasm, placing my hand over my chest, feigning genuine concern.

"Well, before you decide to ditch me again, would you at least be kind enough to share some of your hooch? The punch here just doesn't do it for me."

I shrugged my shoulders, reaching for my flask and handing it to him. "Sure. You look like you need it more than I do anyways."

I extended my arm out and he stole the flask from my hand, unscrewing the lid and bringing the whiskey to his mouth. He didn't fail to glue his eyes onto mine and I somehow didn't want to look away from the cerulean irises. Instead I was lost in it. My lips parted.

Billy didn't even look away when he closed the lid and handed my flask back to me. I swallowed hard at the lump in my throat before finally composing myself. "I guess I'll see you around, Billy." I needed to get far away from him because those eyes were spellbinding and I don't have the mental capacity to pursue whatever enchantment he wants to trap me in. Instead, I turn on my heel and nearly sway as I begin to retreat back inside.

But my goal was ruined because in one brisk move, a drunkard boy bumps me and spills maybe half of his drink on my shirt. His first instinct was to freeze instead of apologizing.

The alcohol must be fueling my irritation because my lips drew back in a snarl and I was ready to go off. "You motherf-" However, my brave moment was instantaneously interrupted.

In the blink of an eye, Billy grabs the guy by his shirt high enough that only the tips of his toes are touching the ground. "B-Billy I'm sorry! I-I didn't mean to spill it on her!" The sorry, not so sorry drunkard said in a shaky voice as if Billy was going to knock him out

cold.

Steve's story about him was coming to life in front of my very own eyes. I was in so much shock that Billy even came to my unneeded rescue that I was barely able to react.

"I better not see your face around here tonight." Billy muttered in a low, threatening tone. Suddenly, Billy throws him hard enough that he landed harshly on his back just a few feet away, causing more attention than there already was. "Now scram, pussy!" He shouted.

My top reeked of alcohol, so I rushed to find the restroom to rinse off my shirt. The first attempt was a fail because I walked into a couple making out in a bedroom. Luckily, the next door I opened was the bathroom.

I grabbed the hand towel, soaked it in water and added a pump of soap. I lathered the towel until the soap was evenly spread before looking at the mirror ahead of me to clean my chest first. There's nothing more frustrating than feeling sticky.

I was so focused on preparing my hand towel that I didn't even notice Billy walk in and close the door behind him. We briefly made eye contact through the mirror. "Steve was right about you, Billy. You sure have a temper. But thanks by the way." I said.

"So that's why you keep trying to avoid me. You're Harrington's girl, huh?" He asked, jaw clenching.

"What? No! We're just friends. Jesus." I'm getting really tired of everyone pairing Steve and I together. I rinsed the towel under the water before wiping my top. "He told me you beat the shit out of him last year. What's up with that?"

Billy sighed dramatically, as if not wanting to explain his side of the story. "My dear old dad sent me to fetch my stepsister Max and take her home. But that fucking nerd, Harrington was hiding her in your Aunt's house. To this day, I still don't know why but I don't give a shit anymore."

I know exactly why. But I can't tell Billy of our knowledge of the

supernatural in this town.

After being satisfied enough with the scent of my shirt, I placed the damp towel on the counter and ripped a generous amount of toilet paper and began patting my shirt. "What are you doing in here anyway? I can manage cleaning my own shirt."

Before Billy had the chance to respond, the bathroom door swings open, revealing Aria on the other side of it. "There you are, Victoria!" She said with relief. "I can't believe that stupid drunk guy!" Her eyes flickered up at Billy. "What are you two lovebirds doing here together anyways?"

I rolled my eyes at her annoying question, throwing the tissue paper in the trash. "Nothing. I was just cleaning my shirt."

"Of *his* stains?" She glanced at Billy, then raised a brow at me, intrigued. "I don't blame you for wanting to *thank* him for coming to your rescue."

"Oh, Byers wishes." Billy added smugly as he leaned against the counter to eye me up and down hungrily.

"Both of you are getting on my fucking nerves." I shoved past Billy and Aria, going down the hallway back to the party in quick strides.

The last thing I ever want to think about doing is giving Billy Hargrove a blow job, especially for something that I sort of had under control. The fact that Billy went as far as throwing that drunk guy on the ground to defend somebody he barely knows just shows how bad his temper really is. And it didn't help that I just stood there and let it transpire instead of trying to calm Billy down.

Instead of heading for the punch bowl or lighting a cigarette outside, I went straight to the family room where there was a makeshift dance floor of partygoers dancing along to the music. I planned on emptying my flask by the end of the night.

I began swaying to the rhythm without a care in the world due to the intoxicating substance I've been guzzling throughout the night. My vision wavered due to my inebriated state, but I somehow managed

to maintain my balance as I danced to and fro, stealing sips from my flask.

The drunkards around me seemed to enjoy the music as much as I am. Some even exchanged smiles and introductions. I guess my presence is favored. A man that I do not recognize suddenly appears ahead of me. "Hi I'm Stephen!" He shouted over the music. Stephen was precisely 6 feet tall. His short, curly black hair fit his face superbly and his brown eyes drew me in.

"I'm Victoria!"

"You're very pretty Victoria!" He leaned down to my ear, I grinned at his compliment. "Wanna dance?" He asked, standing straight.

He's attractive and he called me pretty, so why not. "Yeah sure!" I took a short step backwards, lifting my chin up to meet his eyes.

Stephen placed his hand over mine and caught me off guard by twirling me like a ballerina. I couldn't help but giggle loudly. I somehow managed to steal a glimpse at Billy through the crowd of people. He seemed to be having a conversation with a girl in the kitchen. I thought nothing of it but it immediately brought my focus back to Stephen when Billy caught my gaze.

When Stephen and I were face to face again, we were barely inches apart from each other. I placed my palms over his chest while he had his hands on my waist. I allowed myself to get lost in the rhythm, swinging my hips back and forth.

A moment later, I shifted so that my back faced him while I continued to sway on beat and he seemed to enjoy it as his hands ran along my waist. Once the song changed a minute later, I started noticing a hard lump hitting my lower back and all I could think of was that I needed to get out of this situation.

He did not just go hard on me.

Yes, I'm drunk. But I'm not *that* drunk. I made a disgusted expression before shifting to face him with the complete opposite expression. A wide grin. "You were a good time. But I gotta go!"

"What? Are you serious?" He said with disappointment, caressing my upper arms.

"Yeah sorry!" I tiptoed and gave him a quick peck on his cheek before shoving past the crowd of people. Once I was away from the crowd and in the hallway, I fake shivered from the uncomfortable, ruined moment.

I began heading for the bathroom to take a chill pill and check my face in the mirror for any flyaways or sweaty makeup. However, when I tugged on the doorknob, it was locked so I treaded down the hall in search for another bathroom. The next door I opened revealed a small, vacant office room with no mirror. "God dammit." I muttered.

I swung open the following door and I instantly regretted it. Inside the bedroom was Billy and that girl he was talking to in the kitchen making out without his shirt on. He pulled away from the girl. "What the hell?!" He said. When he turned his head and realized it was me, his annoyed expression vanished. "Oh." Was all Billy could muster.

"This is cute." I mentioned with no hint of jealousy, although I felt a small pang of it. But Billy's not mine and I just met him so I have no reason to be jealous. That could've been me instead of her, but it's my fault for denying him.

The girl scoffed. "You can go now."

I rolled my eyes and noticed Billy's button up beside my feet, so I made a drunken impulse decision and mischievously stole it before turning on my heel and shutting the door behind me.

I remember the previous room being vacant, so I strutted inside and locked the door. Billy's shirt smelled of cologne and beer but I oddly didn't care. I removed my own top and crumbled it inside my handbag before throwing Billy's comfortable shirt on, making sure not to button it too high, but high enough so that it revealed a little bit of my cleavage. Then, I did a French tuck and went on my merry way, no longer caring about finding a room with a mirror.

It was clear I needed to avoid walking through the family room in

case I bump into Stephen, so I walked around until reached the front porch of the house.

"Hey Victoria!" Aria appeared at my side.

"What's up, Aria. Are you having fun?"

"Yeah I met a really nice guy. By the way, who's that hottie you were dancing with earlier?" She tapped my arm with her elbow.

"I don't know. Some guy named Stephen. He was okay."

"Oh!" She gaped at me up and down, finally noticing that I had a slight wardrobe change. "Wait what happened to your shirt?!"

"Well I-"

"I'm gonna need my shirt back, Byers." Billy interrupted, speaking to my back. I assumed he'd finish up with that girl but I guess not.

"Billy? That's Billy's shirt?!" Aria gasped. "Duh! How did I not notice." She exclaimed in her usual hyper tone.

I turned to face him, shrugging my shoulders, completely ignoring Aria. "You'll get it back. Just not tonight. Aria and I are on our way out."

"We are?" She asked, puzzled. I wanted to kick her for not playing along.

A completely shirtless Billy smirked. "What if I never see you again? All you've been doing is ditching me and turning me down. And that's my favorite shirt."

"I can see why." I snickered. "It's a really comfortable shirt. But here's my insurance policy."

Billy raised a curious brow as I reached into my handbag, freeing my top from it. He nearly flinched when my hand grazed his belt buckle before stuffing my top in his front pocket. I had to refrain from biting my lower lip when my eyes made its way down. His physique is utterly Herculean.

"You're a real piece of work, Byers." Billy gave me a once over, exhaling the breath he held in. "See ya."

A/N: Cheers to chapter 3! I hope you all enjoyed reading. if you did, please leave a comment :) it helps fuel me to continue writing.

4. Chapter 4

My eyes struggled as they fluttered open. It took me a moment to familiarize myself of my surroundings. I realized that it is clearly daylight as the rays from the known windows grazes over me. Also, I learned that I am not in my bed. I am in Aunt Joyce's living room, plopped over the couch with a throw blanket drenched over me. Jonathan is watching TV, sitting on the floor with his back leaning against the couch beside my legs.

I leisurely sat up, careful not to overwhelm myself from this annoying hangover. "Jonathan?" My voice croaked.

"Morning, drunkie." He chuckled before turning his attention back to his cereal bowl and the television.

"Wh-what happened? How come I'm not in my bed?"

"Geez, Vic. How much did you drink last night?"

"Don't remind me."

"Do you remember knocking on my window last night to let you in?"

"No. Oh my god." I sighed. "I'm so sorry."

"Don't worry about it. By the way, I tried to tell you to sleep in your bed but you were being super stubborn and wanted to sleep on the couch." He implied with a full mouth of cereal, glancing over his shoulder at me.

"It's fine. You know, I'm on always on autopilot when I'm drunk."

"Mmmhmm." He glanced over his shoulder again, flickering his eyes at my top. "Cool shirt by the way. Did you get it at your work?"

"Fuck." I paused, my embarrassing memories suddenly coming back to me in fragments. "It's not mine. It's Billy's. Stupid stupid stupid drunk Victoria."

"Billy's?! How is it-" Jonathan reeled back, eyes widened as he set his

cereal bowl down and turned to face me. "-I can't believe y-you screwed Billy Hargrove?!"

"What?!" My brows furrowed. "No! Jonathan no way!"

"Okay, cousin. Then explain. Why else would you have his shirt?"

"I was very drunk and I found his shirt and stole it." I can't believe I walked into Billy making out with a girl and that I even went as far as stealing his shirt. He must think I'm fucking weird now. Now I have to give him his shirt back because I just realized he has mine. "Fuck and I gave him my shirt." I slumped into the couch and groaned. "Fuck fuck fuck."

"Why are you hanging out with Billy anyways?" Jonathan asked after a minute, picking up his cereal bowl again. "Your *friend*, Steve hates him."

"I'm not hanging out with him. He just happened to be at the party I was at last night and I drank way too much."

"If ya say so, Vic." He rolled his eyes playfully. "But just try to stay away from him please. He's bad news."

"So I've heard."

I regretfully decided to break free from the comfort of the couch so that I can cleanse myself of last night's impurities.

The following day I was back to my retail job at the starcourt mall. It was quite a busy work day so my shift was going by fairly quickly. Aria didn't forget to ask about the details of my night and she exchanged hers. Also, she swears that Billy is obsessed with me but I just didn't see it. If it were true I'd be flattered. But in my eyes, Billy is just an ordinary guy looking to get inside my pants. I've dealt with and denied plenty back in California.

Once my shift was over, I headed to Scoops Ahoy per usual and spotted Steve behind the counter. He instantly beamed at my presence which warmed my insides a little. He's really starting to grow on me and I think I'm growing on him too.

"Hi friend. One scoop of rocky road coming your way." Steve made known as he proceeded to his task.

"Steve, when's your shift over?"

"Uh...." His eyes followed the wall clock after handing me my ice cream. "In 15, why?"

"Wanna grab a bite?"

"Sure. But anything but hot dog on a stick. I just had it for lunch."

"Well I meant somewhere else. Not in the mall." I cleared my throat. "And not a date."

He nodded. "Yeah cool. As long as you don't mind waiting until I'm off."

"It fine. Where's robin by the way? I'm surprised she's not teasing us right now." I can just imagine her sly remarks.

"I know right." Steve shook his head. "But she left for her break earlier. She'll be back before I'm off."

At the local diner, Steve and I are seated across from each other in the booth, our eyes scanning through the laminated menu. I thought my eyes deceived me when I saw Steve in regular clothes. I'm so used to seeing him in his Scoops Ahoy uniform.

"So *honey*, how was your day?" Steve asked in amusement, evident that the pet name wasn't serious, just playful. He flashed a smirk at me before returning his attention to the menu.

I grinned, choosing to play along. "My day was great, *dear*. How was yours?" My eyes flickered at his, which didn't meet mine. It's comforting knowing how naturally comfortable we are already. As if we were always meant to be friends.

"Pretty lame actually." Steve spoke in his normal tone, hiding away the fake boyfriend/husband attitude. He sighed, setting his menu down, leaning back.

"Geez what happened?" I asked, setting my menu down as well, placing an elbow over the table with my chin resting over my palm.

"The usual." Steve snorted. "I flirt and I fail."

"Well shit. Maybe work just isn't the place to meet girls. I mean, come on, your uniform." I raised a brow. Steve's mouth formed into a line.

"Yeah duh. And the stupid silly looking sailor hat doesn't help. My hair is everything." Steve expressed, running his fingers through his perfect hair.

The waitress arrived and we followed by placing our orders. Steve ordered a cheeseburger and I ordered chicken strips. She stole our menus and disappeared into the kitchen.

"What about you? What's new?" Steve asked.

God, I'm contemplating whether I should tell him about my run in with Billy or not. Especially since I know he hates his guts. Ah, to hell with it.

"I went to a party the other night. And..." I cleared my throat, drumming my fingers along the table. Steve's eyes flared with curiosity, waiting for me to continue. "And Billy was there."

The fact that I glanced nervously at my lap made no sense. I didn't invite Billy to the party, he just happened to be there. But I oddly feel guilty for even allowing him to interact with me and even more guilty for checking him out. The way Steve's face contorted just by the sound of Billy's name coming out of my mouth made my stomach turn.

"First off, gross. And secondly, why do you look like you got caught stealing money out of your mom's purse." Steve's eyes narrowed before widening when I didn't immediately mutter a response. "Don't tell me you-"

"Oh my god Steve! I didn't have sex with Billy. Not even close. God, Jonathan thought the same thing when he-" Shit. I almost announced to the world that I woke up in Billy's shirt the night after the party. But the way I stopped myself didn't go unnoticed by Steve.

"When he what, Victoria?" Steve narrowed his eyes.

I let out an exasperated sigh, glancing at the ceiling. "I was just really drunk and practically blacked out at the party. I-I woke up on my couch wearing Billy's shirt."

"W-what? If you...if you *blacked out* then how do you know you didn't sleep with him? Knowing him, he probably took advantage because you were drunk."

"Steve relax. I just *know* that I didn't sleep with him."

"You literally just said you blacked out." He crossed his arms over his chest, a disapproving expression written all over his face.

"I said *practically*."

"Okay well whatever, Vic. You know what I mean." His face hardened, eyes boring into mine with fire.

"Stop looking at me like that Steve."

"Like what? I don't know what you're talking about." Steve spat. Every muscle in his body did not twitch, his loathing expression refused to shift.

"Just chill okay. I know for a fact I didn't sleep with Billy Hargrove."

"Then explain to me why you even woke up with his shirt. It makes no sense to me."

I groaned, dreading having to explain for the third time how I woke up with a hangover and a shirt that wasn't mine. First Jonathan, then Aria and now Steve. "Um I walked into the wrong room. I found Billy's shirt on the floor and I stole it." My shoulders lifted to a shrug.

"You *stole* it?" He snickered. "Does Hargrove even know?"

"Of course he knows." I left out the part about the trading of garments on purpose. Steve will think I'm insane for it.

"And how do you plan on giving it back?"

I honestly didn't think about that until Steve mentioned it. I paused for a moment, quickly formulating a plan. "I don't know. I'll just give it to Will to give to Max." I said. That seems to be a more logical idea actually. It's best I avoid Billy. For Steve's sake.

Steve's tense frame finally relaxed and I was utterly relieved. "Cool." He muttered.

After my dinner with Steve, I headed home, greeted Aunt Joyce in the kitchen and went straight to my room. I opened my first dresser drawer where Billy's clean shirt was hiding and folded it neatly on my bed. There was no way I was going to return it as is, so I made sure to wash it the other day. But before I threw it into a plastic bag, I had a ridiculous idea.

I sauntered towards my vanity and seized my Dior perfume. This is absurd, but I wanted Billy to remember my scent so I sprayed a very light spritz onto his shirt. Then, I deposited the garment into the bag, tied the knot and strolled down the hall.

When I reached Will's door, it was cracked open, but I still made sure to politely knock first. I found him drawing on his bed. "Hey Will." I announced softly.

"Oh hey cousin." His eyes didn't leave his drawing as he scribbled more lines along the paper.

"Can you do me a favor and give this to Max? Tell her to give it to Billy."

"Um. Yeah, sure." His eyes flickered at the bag in my hand, assuring me that he's actually listening because he was so invested in his drawing. I was relieved that for once somebody didn't question me about Billy.

After my shift at the mall the next day, I did the usual and headed straight home, which was oddly vacant. There's always at least one person home. I brushed off the loneliness and cooked a pot of spaghetti. I figured my family would appreciate having a meal waiting for them.

I barely finished half my plate when the ringing of the telephone interrupted my meal. It was my youngest cousin, Will calling me to pick him up from Lucas's house. I guess he didn't take his bike this time because his brother dropped him off there.

I felt quite sorry for Will because Mike and El were too caught up in their relationship to find time for him and the rest of the crew. Sadly, their friend Dustin was away at camp. I could easily sense that it does hurt Will's feelings that his friends haven't been together in one room for awhile. But on the bright side, Lucas and Max don't make him feel like a third wheel from what he's told me.

Pulling into the driveway of the two story home, I honked my horn twice to announce my arrival underneath the dark sky. A minute later, the porch light turns on and I see Will, Lucas and Max walking out. I rolled my driver's side window down.

"Hi Max! Did you get Billy's shirt from Will?" I asked, poking my head out the window.

"Yeah." Max nodded. "But I don't even wanna know why you even had it." She grimaced, most likely assuming that Billy and I are a *thing*.

"Me neither." My cousin chimed in, climbing into the passenger seat of my Porsche. Lucas let out a dramatic shiver from his girlfriends response as he stood beside her.

"Will, do you have my shirt?" My eyes flickered from Will to Max. Will shook his head.

"Uh..." Max started, "Billy said you have to go get it from him yourself." She turned on her heel towards the door with Lucas trailing behind her.

"Seriously?" I rolled my eyes, reversing out of the driveway back to the main road. "I don't have time for this." Fuck this. Billy can just keep it. I have plenty of shirts.

No words were exchanged during the remainder of the car ride. Instead, our ears were filled with the music from my stereo, which

Will didn't seem to mind. The corner of my lip quirked up when I caught him bobbing his head to the music.

A moment later, we are back home. I freed my keys from the ignition, hopped out of the car and locked the doors before strolling inside the house. I noticed that there's a missed voicemail from the voice machine. It's my Aunt Joyce.

"Hi kids, it's me. I'm going to be home late so don't worry about me, okay. Buh bye."

"Your mom must be out on a hot date!" I shouted, knowing Will could hear me from his bedroom. I don't recall hearing him shut his door.

"I didn't need to know that!" He hollered.

Merely a second after my little cousin shouted in response, the phone rang. "Hello?" I answered.

"Victoria! Hey!" Aria's excited voice on the other line nearly made me deaf.

"Yup. It's me. What is it now?"

"Cancel any plans you have later. Word is that the manager at the public pool is out of town for a couple days and they're having a little pool party after hours."

I already know what she's trying to do. There's no doubt that Billy will be there and she's trying to set me up with him. Again.

Sorry for the somewhat short chapter, but I do hope you enjoyed reading anyways :) Comments are always welcome here!